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POETRY.

The Girls That Are Wanted.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is, white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and sisters can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile and a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare, what is silly, to leave.

The girls that are wanted are girls with
heart;
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
The strongest and truest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls,
There's constant and steady demand.

STORY TELLER.

JOSEPHIA.

We were at Cham when our delayed mail was received. There was a month-old letter from my nephew, Reginald Travers, containing sad news. My dear old friend Oswald Hamilton was dead; his affairs left in a bad way. The arrangement of his papers, straightening accounts and settling up of the estate were left in my hands. A second was to the effect that Josephine (the only and motherless daughter of my old friend, about 24 years of age) had finally refused him. That he had secured a change into the Tenth, which was soon to be ordered away to fight Zulul, and closed by saying that the best thing I could wish him was a bullet through the head in the first engagement.

My poor Reg! It was his first taste of life's bitter, and it was going down hard. I longed to grasp his hand in sympathy. I cursed the stupidity of mail-carriers and stormed at the hundred and one annoying delays that kept me so long on my homeward way. However, in two days I was well on my journey.

Soldiers are rough of speech. I began to fashion some soft phrases of sympathy for my old friend's daughter, but gave up in despair, trusting that, as in battle, when the opportunity comes, I should be ready to equal it. And, after all, to such self-reliant natures as Josephine's sympathy held a tone of pity which gave it a distasteful flavor.

A word of myself here. An old soldier, nearing 50, but hale and hearty, I inherited at my brother's death the pile of stone he called home, and his large business interests. A misanthrope, he had shown little taste for the society of his kind. My visits to him, were few and brief. I had taken little notice of Josephine until I came to Deerwood as his master. Her name describes her. Divinely tall, she had none of the awkwardness peculiar in women of her stature, but her motion was at all times free, suggesting the flight of a seabird. Better than beauty, her face expressed dignity and character. Her mouth was shapely and red, although a square jaw and long chin proved somewhat detractive to it.

But her eyes—glorious. Clearest gray with pupils of velvet, set under a man's forehead. She had a frank, bon comrade way which played sad havoc with men's hearts, whatever their armor. Many of the wisest and wariest knelt at her shrine, but each and all vainly. Between her and my dear lad there had been an understanding based on a childish attachment. Merely a silken link. I cared little for society (though, thank God! never unfriendly or cold to my kind, like my brother). The surrounding country families who would have lionized me on account of a few scars and decorations met with small encouragement, and but for the flying visits of my young lieutenant and an evening cigar on one of the wide verandas of Hamilton place, my time was passed in riding and walking and shooting.

Now I will let you into the secret. I was surprised when I found it out myself. I had fallen in love with Josephine. Preposterous! So I said. At any rate, give me some credit. I never dreamed of telling her, and I went immediately—travelling with a party of friends.

My old friend I mourned sincerely. Though ten years my senior, we had been friends years and years. He

knew I stood ready to lend a helping hand whenever it was needed; but he was proud to a fault, and though I had begged him to allow my assistance (for I knew he was in sad straits) he would never take a penny.

His reverses were quick and sudden. His indomitable will upheld him in his struggle for a time, when that broke beneath the burden of troubles, which grew heavier day by day.

Dear old friend! "Here lies a man whom pride brought low," I murmured, as I stood over his grave.

I had arrived at Deerwood late in the afternoon, and had stopped in the churchyard on my way to Josephine.

The grass waved to and fro. I fancied the one below stirred uneasily. "Peace," I whispered. Your name shall be cleared; your daughter guarded well."

Josephine, let me in. She stayed to fasten the door, and as she came up with me in the corridor she slipped her cold hand into mine and I held it strongly. My eyes fell on Oswald's picture as we entered the drawing-room. Together we stood looking at it. Then I looked at Josephine in her long black gown, her neck rising like a lily stem from its sombreness, as I stood by her side. Bereavement and harassing cares had set their mark on brow and lips though she still held her head proudly, and her eyes looked into mine unsmiling.

If I had loved her in the midst of her happiness and lightheartedness, how much more I loved her now, penitence, with a faint shadow of dishonor on her name, forsaken by the crowd of summer-day friends.

She looks into my face, for my tongue was tied, and then bent her head and kissed my hand.

"My dear," I said, "my dear."

The only safe thing for me to do was to go to the window, and I went. Presently she followed me and, having myself as thoroughly in hand as an old fighter should by this time, I sat down beside her and we had a long, serious talk.

The long rays of sunlight pale from orange to amber and gradually faded into the gray of dusk, and as yet we had not spoken of the future. Josephine had her father's pride and strength of will, and my heart failed me as I mentally marshalled my forces and prepared to advance. First, I meant that she should come home with me.

"Josephine," I began, "this is no place for you," and then I called myself an old blunderer, who deserved to be well kicked for his unutterable stupidity.

"No; it is my home, my dear old home, no longer. I have looked over the papers which are in this box enough to see plainly that the place will not be sufficient to satisfy the demands of the creditors. Let me know as soon as you can the full amount of the deficit; I have thought it all out. No, dear major, I cannot be contented to remain idly at Deerwood, kindly as you mean the offer, while my father's debts remain unpaid. Ah! I am afraid you are angry; but, indeed, I cannot."

She was rock to arguments and persuasions. She was her father's own daughter. After all, her spirit and determination demanded admiration. I gave it grudgingly enough, feeling as if I should enjoy scolding her soundly and then kissing her.

I took the box and chose to leave her with the impression that I disapproved totally of herself and her determinations.

I sat down to hard work over the papers, and when morning dawned I could talk definitely about the state of affairs.

Well, they were in a very bad way, indeed. I made no effort to mince things to Josephine, who had made me an early call. She gave a little gasp, turned her back on me, and walked straight to the window.

It was a beastly morning. The rain fell—drizzle, drizzle, drizzle. She could see the gray shaft which marked her father's grave. It was dreadful! The clock ticked on and on.

"Josephine!" (Anything to break this stormy silence.)

No reply. "You are not legally bound to pay these debts. All the law can do is to claim the estate."

Perhaps she heard. She turned her head a trifle.

"I do wish you would be more like people. Here I am with more money than I can use. Borrow of me. Your false notions will benefit nobody, and as for your pride, I call it foolishness. At any rate, stay here at Deerwood. I will go away willingly if it will be pleasanter in any way for you. Let me as your father's old friend, advise you." "Did I rate your friendship (and as it is very, very dear to me)

above the duty I owe to the dead my conscience should prove unworthy of it. Risking the loss of your regard, major, I must still adhere to my course."

She scratched off two advertisements, handing them to me as she rose. "Want—Position as governess," and "For sale—Hamilton place," were the headings. I did my best to obtain her consent to tearing up the first, but all she would say was, "Do not urge me." How like she was to Oswald, with that square jaw, that firm, clear tone, and imperious pose.

And so (perhaps because of the reminder) I gained her no longer. Governess she should be, if she wished, and Josephine went home as pleased as any headstrong girl who has had her own way.

In pursuance of a plan to head her off, I sent a telegram to Reg. The idea of her not loving such a fine, manly truehearted fellow, the best man ever inside a lieutenant's uniform. He had only to ask to wed anywhere.

He came as soon as he could get leave. They were off in a fortnight. I told him of Josephine's resolves.

"There is one power that will stop her."

"And that, uncle?"

"Love." Profound sigh from Reg, but no disposition to open his mouth.

"Do you try your luck again? Remember the old rule about two negatives. I have observed the young woman pretty closely, and I think you will succeed. Tell her that in case she consents to make us the happiest of men you are to give up your commission and come into my firm at once. Pshaw, boy! Don't look so dazzled, I have intended it all along; only take time by the forelock, you know. There you young bear! Would you hug me to death? Go along with you! Tell Josephine when you find her that an eccentric old duffer who has taken a fancy to the place offered £25,000 to-day for it, and that being by all odds more than she can expect to have offered again, I took him up."

"All right, uncle; anything more?"

He was already half out of the library.

"Tell her—no, never mind."

Reg was by this time beyond hearing.

For an hour I walked up and down my lonely, luxurious drawing-room. Free from restraint of Reginald's company, the fever rose again in my blood, my pulse beat fast, my step quickened. Then I formed a hundred plans which would aid in crushing down my heart. I would travel; I would trust to time; with seas and years between I would grow calmer in my feelings. I would come back and find my happiness in Reginald's and hers. I would give them Hamilton place for their wedding gift; and I imagined myself in after years frolicking on those green terraces with Reggie's oldest or youngest, as the case might be. But the fever rose again, the longing was as strong as it was vain. I was not in the frame of mind to meet my nephew, and as soon as my roan was saddled I sprang to her back and was off—away—I cared not where, so I could ride this madness down.

I came home late. The hardest battle I had ever fought I had won. I had such a grip on myself that after seeing Bess comfortably stabled and rubbed down, I went to Reggie's room without the least fear of self-betrayal. But the lad was not there. A note sticking in the mirror frame attracted my attention. It was addressed to me. It ran with many a blot and erasure.

DEAR OLD UNCLE—It was a mistake. Josephine never really cared two pence for me. That boy and girl affair wasn't love at all. She told me so before, and I ought to have known better than to go to her twice, but you—there, I don't blame you, uncle. How should you know? She was very kind—if you can call that sort of a thing kind, and I dare say I shall get over it. But I'm awfully cut up and I don't feel as if I could face even you yet; so I'm off, without waiting for you.

A line or two more so badly blurred as to be illegible, and a great scrawl which bore but a faint resemblance to "Reg."

Poor lad! Poor lad! He tried hard to be cheery in the farewell letter he sent before he left the shores of old England, but I saw the heartache between the lines.

In a few days I was called suddenly to London on business, being detained there some little time. When I returned to Deerwood it was to find my errand young neighbor frown. Mrs. Harwood, my estimable housekeeper, had a message for me from Miss

Hamilton—"she would write regularly, but I was not to seek her out."

Having delivered the message with a dignity, slightly damaged by the curious, speculative glance with which she regarded me the while, Mrs. Harwood rustled majestically away, giving a vicious little jerk to the door-knob, as much as to say, "Well, there! He might 'a said more than 'O, indeed.' Just as if I didn't know she'd gone off a-governessin'! But men is so clus-mouthed."

As I went into the garden for a quiet smoke, I heard the housekeeper addressing the housemaid: "Mary, do you run with all your might now and tell cook the major's back again. Yes, I gave him the message. Surprised? Well, you never know whether 'e is or 'e isn't. But, lawd, Mary! think o' tellin' 'im, the major, not to seek out 'er, which 'as gone to be a governess!"

"An' after'er pacin' off Mr. Reginald, the stuck-up piece," said Mary, who had a sweetheart of her own she thought the world of.

The weeks slipped into months, and the months numbered eighteen before I saw Josephine again.

She was ill, and wrote for me to come to her. No. 6 Beverly square was the address, and the neighborhood was most aristocratic. No. 6 was an imposing stone house of the mausoleum type. In answer to my ring there appeared an undersized footman, whose gravity of demeanor carried out the funeral idea suggested by the house itself. Untold millions could not have tempted him to smile.

He went off with my card, and by and by Josephine—or her ghost—trailed down the stairs. To give you an idea of how weak she was, let me tell you that there were two tears in her eyes when I took her hands. Josephine, and Josephine reduced to womanly tears. It was difficult to reconcile the two.

I saw my chance and took advantage of it. Now, while she was unfit for work, homesick and needing a change, she must make Durand a visit.

Mrs. Harwood knew how to make my guests comfortable, and nothing would suit me better.

I listened to no remonstrances, and when she had consented I put an end to the last "but" with a sly hint that she had better improve the present opportunity to visit her old home, for the old gentleman who had bought it intended to dispose of it soon.

I bore Josephine away on the 5 o'clock train, much to the disgust of my lady, who was losing a governess such as Beverly square should not soon again see.

The quiet and the change did work a wonderful change. Josephine in a fortnight was almost herself, and queened it over me in her own delightful way.

She began to talk of going back to London again, and one afternoon asked for the keys to the place.

I had made my plans to head her off, but this time I sent no telegrams. I simply waited until the afternoon sun was low, and then I followed her: I found her, as I knew I should, before her father's portrait. Her head was thrown back, face uplifted, her hands thrown behind her.

"Josephine," I said, speaking as naturally as I could—I had a most exasperating lump in my throat—"the wedding for which this house was designed a gift never came off. The old fellow doesn't know what to do with it, and, in fine, says if you will take it back—and—himself into the bargain, he'll be no end obliged."

Her eyes lit up, the loveliest color came to her cheek. I kissed her, for I saw I might. And when the first stars came out we walked together through the fields and our troth was plighted.

Louisville, Ky.

The dress and heading of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL look better than before—that paper is the best reading for the deaf-mutes all over this country, on ground that they cannot get in any local paper as much news as this JOURNAL. Here a few subscribers to this JOURNAL are found. We should make the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL a success.

By the request of Mr. J. J. Fredrick, well-known among in Pennsylvania, all the deaf-mutes are cordially invited to come to the temporary meeting at his house on February 18th, in regard to the bible class. A few inquiries about it will be made, so that they can decide whether to have it or not.

Clay Powers is well-known in this State. He has been working in a carshop in Jeffersonville, Ind., for about

four months. He went to Kansas City, Mo., to get work in the same shop. He said he is trying to get to the Golden State on the Pacific Ocean.

Since writing to the JOURNAL, John Prigg and Huff left before we knew their whereabouts. Huff had better behave, and stay at home and work on a farm, as he has had not much income from his magic lantern show.

ROMEO.

MISSOURI.

We have been up to Appleton City, and in company of Mr. Robert L. Rose, investigated the rumor of gold in the well being now put down by a syndicate of Appleton capitalists. Excitement ran high amongst the stockholders, when at a depth of six hundred feet a vein of (what they call) gold-bearing quartz was struck. Calling on Mr. Rose, we found him placidly barreling apples in company with his brother-in-law, and he wore a genial smile, as he pictured the future wealth to come out of that golden well, but having had personal experience of washing out gold in Jackson County, Oregon, we looked in doubt upon his samples of gold dust. Robert is a bright, intelligent bachelor, of thirty-five, having received his education at the Olathe School. His parting instructions were not to think there was any moss on his back, and by his rapid gesture, we were most certain that there were no flies on him.

While in Clinton, Mo., we were informed that Mr. and Mrs. David Pollock had gone on a visit to their eldest son, Mr. Reese Pollock, at Mountsarat, Mo., and would stay several weeks. We were agreeably entertained by his brother, Mr. William Pollock, who fluently talks in the sign-language. Mr. and Mrs. Pollock have resided at Clinton the past four years, coming from Mason City, Ill. He is a graduate of the Jacksonville Institution. Returning home, we were surprised to receive a letter from Mr. A. B. Read, stating he would pass through Fort Scott on the 7th. We were at the depot and saw Alpheus, who, with glowing cheeks, greeted us as the north bound K. T. train arrived. He was en route for his old home in Perry, Ill., by way of Hannibal, having sold out his furniture establishment to good advantage in Mound City, Kan. In answer to the query as to when he would return to Kansas, he said: "I do not know; but when I do come out again, it will be more than a cold day."

We had considerable snow here last night. It is quite cold, but the cold weather is much preferable to the intense mud.

Recent communications from Miss Nina Hatcher, of Neodesha, informs us that all is serene in that lively little burgh. More anon. Yours, PRINCE. FT. SCOTT, KAN., Feb. 9, 1887.

To Aid the Home.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It has been suggested by men eminent for their good deeds, who are the undoubted friends of the deaf, that the mutes of this city would honor themselves and at the same time benefit a worthy charity, in which all should be interested, by getting up a fair in aid of the "Gallaudet Home." With that end in view, Mrs. Henry L. Juhring would like all mute ladies, who are willing to engage in this work to communicate with her at once. Her address is 568 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. When a sufficient number have signified their desires to help this movement along, a meeting will be called, a committee appointed and the initial work started immediately. It is also proposed that this fair in Brooklyn shall come off in April, following the one with the same object in view to be held in New York City during that month.

There is no work of charity more appropriate for the deaf to engage in than in helping to build up and maintain this Home for the Aged and Infirm. What honor it will be for the mutes of this city to prove to the world, more especially to the people of the Empire State that they are willing to do all they can to assist this "Home." Mutes of Brooklyn you engage in this noble work? Will you aid to place this "Home" upon a solid foundation? By your united support of this proposed fair, much good can be done, not only financially but also in spreading useful information concerning the "Home" and its needs among oral people. It will also encourage that ever faithful friend of our class, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in his arduous labors in behalf of the

deaf and serve to awaken public interest, which may prove beneficial to the "Home" in the future. The assistance of gentlemen will not be needed until the ladies' committee has been formed, but all those who desire to aid this noble work are invited to send their names and addresses to Mrs. Juhring, who will communicate with them at the proper time. Within a short time, the place in which this fair is to be held will be made known through the JOURNAL. Remember all those who assist this movement in any way will receive due credit. Let us then cast aside all personal differences, unite in support of this proposed fair and achieve success, such as will be an honor to our class and a great benefit to the Gallaudet Home.

GEORGE L. REYNOLDS.
BROOKLYN, February 10, 1888.

Evansville, Ind.

The editor of our daily Journal was a schoolmate of Dr. Philip Gillet, who is the Superintendent of the Illinois Deaf-Mute Institution.

One of our daily newspapers says that Mr. Baker will be asked for his resignation, by the Board of Trustees, as Superintendent of the Indiana Deaf-Mute Institution, next April.

Miss E. T. Macy, our assistant teacher, sprained her knee while skating, at the city roller skating rink last Monday. She is confined to her room, but we hope she will be all right very soon.

Miss L. Reinig, who has not been at school for three weeks, is very sick, but all her friends hope that she can come to school again.

Our Literary Society met last Friday afternoon, for three hours, to enjoy a very interesting programme. Mr. Kerney entertained our schoolmates in the main room, with "Romeo and Juliet." This lecture has made a lasting impression upon us. He has delivered two lectures here, on "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Comedy of Errors." Miss E. J. Stephens interested the Society with a beautiful declamation, "The Morning Watch." Miss Bertha Mayer recited, "The Girls Were Saved," creditably. Mr. Theo. Holtz gave us a sensible essay, on "Big Words." The dialogue that was to have taken place between Miss Macy and Miss Lizzie Reinig, was postponed, because sickness kept the latter at home. Mr. Jas. Downey kept us in a roar of laughter, about "The Preacher and the Wasps in the Pants." Our Society was unexpectedly but pleasantly surprised by a number of visitors. Among them was our Representative, Hon. Jacob Covert.

The Evening Tribune says that an interesting euchre party was given at the residence of Miss E. J. Stephens, to her friends, among whom were Misses Macy and Mayer. A good lunch was enjoyed by all present.

There are 6 or 8 colored deaf children in our country. Our school can not receive them, because the white and black people are not allowed to go together in the same school. But we have advised them about the Deaf-Mute Institution at Indianapolis, which is free to all the deaf children of Indiana, no matter whether they are white or black.

Mr. Silas Stephens, who graduated from the Indianapolis Institution four years ago, has enjoyed a profitable position in the cracker manufacture ever since then, at a handsome salary. The Daily Courier says:

The Evansville deaf and dumb school is progressing finely. The State institutions for the education of deaf-mutes of the Union, Canada and England, have recognized our school, and have regularly sent to it their weekly papers, monthly magazines and annual reports gratuitously. The pupils have a chance to witness the exercises of a novel and interesting character, among which "Ben Hur," by Miss Macy, the assistant teacher at the school, and "Romeo and Juliet," by Prof. Kerney, were mostly enjoyed by the young members. The society was named in honor of Mr. John B. Hall, the Secretary of the Evansville Gas and Electric Light Company.

The Daily Journal says: The society, which has recently been inaugurated at the Evansville School for the Deaf, corner Seventh and Vine Streets, meets every Friday afternoon. Its main objects is to promote the educational and social welfare of the scholars of the school. The society is offered by Miss Macy, President; Miss Stephens, Vice-President; Mr. Holtz, Secretary; Mr. Shaffer, Treasurer; Prof. Kerney, Editor. A reporter of the Journal had a chance to witness the exercises of a novel and interesting character, among which "Ben Hur," by Miss Macy, the assistant teacher at the school, and "Romeo and Juliet," by Prof. Kerney, were mostly enjoyed by the young members. The society was named in honor of Mr. John B. Hall, the Secretary of the Evansville Gas and Electric Light Company.

A Jewish wedding took place last night at the Jewish Temple. Miss

Bettie Mayer and her friends were invited to witness the marriage of Mr. Ichensaner to Miss Emma Lowenstein. The affair was handsome, and Miss Mayer had a splendid time at the Liederkrantz Hall, where a grand supper was prepared and dancing was indulged in.

T. C. H. H.

LOWELL ITEMS.

On the evening of the 8th inst., the Lowell Silent Society was treated with an interesting lecture by Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York. It is almost impossible for me to give all that he said, on account of poor memory. However, I will try my best to have my readers share with us in at least a portion of this rich literary repast.

He chose "Truth" for his subject, and began by presenting to us those truths of nature, with which we are all familiar. We see the sun rise in the east and set in the west, day after day. When it goes down, we all know that it will rise again the next day, so on through all creation. We all see that all these manifestations of nature are governed by unalterable laws. The Bible said that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and that it took him six days to create all things. Yet the scientists go into the bowels of the earth, and by means of fossils and other phenomena, prove the earth to be older than that mosaic period. The fact that the earth is really older than the age so laid down by that learned sage has been fully proved and established. Yet it need not in reality be so contradictory to the divine word as it seems. We never can know what a day means with the Lord. He does not measure time by our own standard. A day with him may be as a thousand years or more with us. Granting that to be, we then see here the truth established. When Galileo scanned the heavens, and noticing that eclipses of the moon were really nothing but shadows of the earth cast upon it, and noticing that these shadows were always round, he deduced that the earth was round. So he declared it, and was cast into prison. We laugh at these ignorant people. But we may yet in our turn be laughed at by future generations. How frequently have these scientific men contradicted one another. No sooner does one man discover a principle, and set up a theory, than to-morrow another overthrows him with fresh discoveries and facts. On these theories of evolution, he suggested that even if we originated in apes or fishes, we must think of the hand that formed the ape or the fish. Hence the eye of Faith can not help tracing the origin of life to the Creator himself.

It was not these scientific or unbelievers who invented and introduced these systems we have in use for educating the deaf and dumb. On the contrary, we owe to Christians and to these humble ministers of the Gospel for these blessings.

He warns us not to be gulled by the sophistries of these infidels, but to trust in God and his word, as laid down in the scriptures, to pilot us safely through those shoals of unbelief. In time, we believe that science and religion may yet coincide.

Rev. Samuel Rowe preached to the mutes of Lowell in their rooms the following Sunday. The writer has seen him for the first time there. In justice to him, I must say that he has proved himself a good and able preacher. We can heartily congratulate ourselves that the number of good preachers of our class are on the increase.

Mrs. J. C. Wright has now recovered from a severe cold, which recently prostrated her.

Samuel Wardman is a master tinsmith. He makes the highest wages that are paid to any one here.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott recently moved into a cosy cottage on Howard Street. Mrs. A. is a splendid housekeeper, and can make a spread that is fit for a King.

Joe Soper is brimfull of glee. Fact is, he has a new girl. George Tripp has gone elsewhere in quest of work. We miss his genial face, but we hope that he may be with us again before many days.

The United States Cartridge Works employ two mutes. Familiarity breeds contempt, even of danger. They are not afraid of explosions.

Ronald Douglas is here yet. His business is increasing. His stereo views take the cake.

Roscoe.

BOSTON.

Dockharty's Lecture Before the Gallaudet Society.

MASS MEETING.

Donations to Mr. Harrington.

OTHER PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Boston Correspondent.)

"He that loveth pleasure shall not be rich," and so Vice-President Dockharty had a call to attend a jolly good time with the Cambridge Lodge of Templars of Honor, at Chelsea, and this means big feed. In consequence of this, the president had to come forward and deliver the lecture for him. Subject, "Choice of Society, and Formation of Friendships." If space will allow, please give it place in your columns.

Character is formed under a great variety of influences. Sometimes a very trifling circumstance gives direction to the whole course of one's life. And every incident that occurs from day to day is exerting a silent, gradual influence, in the formation of your character. Among these influences, none are more direct and powerful than that exerted upon us by the companion with whom we associate, for we insensibly fall into their habits. This is especially true in childhood and youth, when the character is plastic, like soft wax, and easily impressed.

But we cannot avoid associating to some extent with those whose influence is injurious. It is necessary then, for us to distinguish society into general and particular. General society is that with which we are compelled to associate.

Particular society is that which we choose for ourselves. In school, and in all public places, you are under the necessity of associating somewhat with all. But those whom you meet in such circumstances you are not compelled to make intimate friends.

But every one needs intimate friends, and it is necessary that those should be well chosen. A bad friend may prove your ruin. You should therefore be slow and cautious in the formation of intimacies and friendships.

Do not be suddenly taken with any one, and so enter into a hasty friendship, for you may be mistaken, and soon repent of it. There is much in the old adage "All is not gold that shines." A pleasing exterior often conceals a corrupt heart. Before you enter into close intimacies or friendships, study the characters of persons whom you propose to choose for companions.

If you discover any bad habits indulged or any thing that indicates want of principle, let them not be your companions. When you have determined to seek their friendships, do not impose your friendship on them against their will. Remember that they have the same right as yourself in the choice of their friends, and they may see some objection to the formation of a friendship with yourself, but let the number of your intimate and confidential friends be small. It is better to have a few select and choice warm friends than to have a great number less carefully chosen, whose attachment is less warm and ardent. But you must not refuse to associate at all with the mass of the society where you belong, especially if you live in the country, you must meet them kindly and courteously on all occasions where the society in which you move is called together. You must not affect exclusiveness, nor confine yourself to the company of your particular friends at such times. But be careful that you do not expose yourself to evil influences. Such friendships at your age are dangerous, and if not productive of any serious present evils, they will probably be subjects of regret when you come to years of maturity, for attachments may be formed that your judgment may then disapprove.

At the close of the lecture, which was listened to with much interest, an unanimous vote of thanks was sent to Vice-President Dockharty. He is one of the most intelligent deaf-mutes in Boston, and was formerly a teacher of a deaf-mute school in Scotland. The annual banquet of the deaf-mutes of Paris is a very joyous though silent affair. Toasts and speeches are not wanting, being responded to in that rapid language of fingers and eyes which these unfortunates have so marvelously developed. The highest honors of the evening are appropriately paid to the memory of the good Abbe de l'Epee, the inventor of the "deaf and dumb alphabet," which is now in almost universal use. This was found in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* of January 21st, with a picture representing this.

The friends of Mr. Harrington gathered at the Alpha Hall, on Essex street, and had a jolly time. The affair was a Necktie and Apron party and was under the auspices of the Charitable Relief Society. The proceeds were \$21.51 for the benefit of Mr. Harrington. Two dollars were received from Messrs. Osgood, of Natick, and Wellington. The fellow workmen of Mr. Harrington kindly contributed the sum of \$29.60. Among them is Mr. Wellington, who has been with him at work about seventeen years. In all there were fifty-three dollars and eleven cents, which were donated to Mr. Harrington, in consequence of his inability to work, he has been a hard working temperate and honest man, and to be struck with paralysis in the prime of life is really too bad. This case is one which should awaken the sympathy of all who know of his case, especially deaf-mutes.

The officers, Mrs. Davis, Wise and Lockwood went to Mr. and Mrs. Harrington to deliver the money. They seemed surprised, but very much pleased with the present. His emotions can be better imagined than described. The officers of this society are talking about getting up a dramatic entertainment in behalf of the society, and they think they will select the day before Fast Day.

Remember that the Second Annual Gala Night of the "Ephphatha" club will be held in Wells Memorial Building, 987 Washington street in this city, Tuesday evening, February 21st. It promises to be a brilliant affair.

The death of James Sturgis for many years, the treasurer of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, makes a change necessary. One of the remaining trustees, Martin Brimmer, being in Europe. The two other trustees, Francis Brooks and Joseph Story, have taken temporary charge of affairs until Mr. Brimmer returns when final arrangements will be made for continuing. Meantime Mr. J. T. Tillingshast has been requested to act in place of Geo. A. Holmes, paying all bills for this month, and has at the request of Mr. Story arranged for a mass meeting at the hall, on the evening of February 15th, when Messrs. Brooks and Story will be present and address the muties, interpreted by Job, Williams of Hartford. A large audience is expected.

The employees of the Fitchburg R. R., like the employees of all other railroads, have a relief society, and to this our friend Charles P. Wise belongs. He was for three years a fireman of the Boston and Albany R. R. (between Boston and Worcester), but for the past 17 years has been employed by the Fitchburg R. R. as a locomotive painter.

There was plenty of real winter sport on the Mile Ground. Among the hundreds of pleasure seekers who were out to join in the winter carnival enjoyed only by those who frequent the "jolly road to Brighton," in good looking turnouts, was Mrs. Geo. P. Lockwood. There were also on the road two large sleigh parties of school children and their elders in the boat sleighs, Mayflower and Puritan, the former in the lead by some lengths.

MAYFLOWER.

Feb. 13, '88.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Every thing during the Carnival was grand. A number of muties from the abroad were around.

Last Sunday, at the regular meeting, the text, "Honesty and Truth," was discoursed to an excellent audience.

Mr. DeWitt Tonsley has his son employed as a type-setter, in the West Publishing house. All who work there are first-class men.

Mr. Burose, of Minneapolis, was seen at the Ice Palace, and witnessed the storming.

Mr. Joseph Popki, was in Red Wing last week, and reported that everything there was lively. He had the pleasure of meeting Chas. Barnhart. He is a commercial traveler.

Mr. Johnson, now a scholar of the Institution at Fairbanks, came here during the carnival last week. He was a welcome caller at the Tonsley Society. He came and went within two days, as if by magic!

Mr. Huston enjoys himself on his vacation these days. He worked in the great harvester factory. He enjoyed himself on a few trips lately.

It is reported that Mr. J. F. Riley was doing well on his own hook, and he likes the location in Wisconsin.

Mr. Chas. E. Downey, of Minneapolis, was in this city last week, on business, as one of the agents for Matt. McCook.

The carnival is ended, but toboggans will continue as long as snow will last. Everybody was here. St. Paul and Minneapolis marched brilliantly, and stormed the Ice Palace, but it is still living. The storming was so beautiful that the spectators covered 12 or 15 acres.

In belief of Ice's strength, Miss E. M. Fitch, living in a boat on the shore across the Mississippi River from the city, resolved to make the shortest way by crossing on the ice instead of the bridge. But before reaching the other shore, she fell as high as her neck in the river and cried for help. A man, working near by, rescued her and carried her in his arms to the boat. On the following Sunday, she appeared at our Society, and looked as well as ever. She is thought to be the first female mute that ever fell in this river. Hope she will be the last.

We have been interrogated about the whereabouts of Mr. Wangler. He had no pencil to own, no place to stop, no work to do, and no time to think. He had a chair to sit in, and had to sleep with his arms on his knees in the Gospel Temperance Union, in which he enjoyed playing checkers, and has been dependent on its tenants since cold set in. But recently he pushed himself into a dispute with a fellow who was afterwards arrested, and the former crawled away. The court fined the defendant \$500. Since then, he has not dared to step into the Union. He came from Switzerland not long ago.

Ives.

Feb. 13, '88.

NEW YORK.

Wedding Bells.

A BRILLIANT GATHERING AT THE BARNES--NOBLE NUPTIALS.

On the evening of Tuesday, February 14th, a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen gathered together at the elegantly appointed mansion of Mrs. Jane Noble, to witness the marriage ceremony of her daughter Elizabeth to Mr. Albert A. Barnes.

At half-past eight, the strains of the wedding march announced the approach of the happy bride and groom. They marched up to the front of the main parlor, where the impressive marriage ritual, of the Episcopal church was read and delivered in signs simultaneously by Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D.

The bride, who carried a large bouquet of pink roses, tied with pink ribbon, was dressed in a stylish costume of grey silk, trimmed and garnished beyond the powers of any one but a lady to describe, while the groom was arrayed in the latest cut of full dress.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, and after the happy pair had received the congratulations of those present, all sat down to an elegant supper, which included all the viands that a Fifth Avenue caterer could furnish.

The presents were numerous, and costly, and would occupy more space than is at our disposal to enumerate all; but for the benefit of the ladies and to assuage their heart-aching curiosity, we append a few with the names of the donors.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, a hand-painted porcelain lemonade service.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Haight, a sugar set and berry spoon of oxidized silver and gold.

Mr. Charles K. W. Strong, of Washington, D. C., a profusely illustrated poem in leather, entitled "Grandmother's Attic Treasures."

Miss Prudence Lewis, a silver sugar bowl.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, a silver and crystal pickle caster.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, a bronze match safe and receiver.

Mrs. R. H. Furman, a silver salad spoon.

Mrs. G. Frederick Ralph, half a dozen silver teaspoons.

Mr. Theo. A. Froelich, an enameled and burnished porcelain teapot.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, a silver butter dish and knife.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Currier, a handsome jardiniere of engraved bronze.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDougal, of Jersey City, N. J., a silver salad spoon.

Miss Gussie Berley, a silver sugar bowl.

Mr. I. N. Soper and Miss Lizzie Brinck, a handsome bronze centre table-lamp.

Mrs. Halsey W. Kent, a silver salad spoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. Vail, of Indianapolis, Ind., a silver salad set.

Miss Georgie Loomis, of Bridgeport, Ct., a silver berry spoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stark Newell, of Goshen, N. Y., a pair of Japanese vases.

Mr. Emanuel Souweine, a French glass mirror with massive ornamental frame of bronze.

Dr. and Mrs. Isaac Lewis Peet, a Morocco bound Bible.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Q. Mann, a hand-painted porcelain plaque.

The Misses Shaw, a unique and costly Japanese vase.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wittechief, carved wood wall-pocket.

Besides these, there were numerous other presents equally valuable and beautiful, which we failed to include in our memorandum.

We did not get the names of the many hearing ladies and gentlemen present, but among the deaf-mutes and those connected with the cause of the deaf, we noted Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Principal of the New York Institution, Prof. and Mrs. E. H. Currier, Roy. Dr. Gallaudet and wife, Rev. Anson T. Colt and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Haight, Mr. C. S. Newell and wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, Miss Prudence Lewis, Miss Gussie Berley, Mr. C. W. Gamage, Mr. I. N. Soper, Miss Lizzie Brinck, Mr. E. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman, Messrs. Gilbert Hicks, T. A. Froelich, in a word, the elite of deaf-mute society of the metropolis.

The wedding tour will be postponed until the summer months, on account of the pressing business engagements of the groom.

The bride is a handsome brunette, whose amiable disposition, sympathetic nature and womanly intelligence, has made her a favorite with all who have the pleasure of knowing her. She was graduated from the High Class of the New York Institution about five years ago, with high honors both for scholarship and character.

Mr. Barnes is a medium-sized gentleman of refined appearance, and is one of the most intelligent deaf-mutes that the New York Institution has graduated. For several years, he was a teacher at his Alma Mater, but for the past ten years, he has been employed in the Foreign Money Order Department of the New York Post Office. He is an indefatigable and successful worker in the cause of charity, and during the past year or two, through his efforts, over two

thousand dollars have been collected for the support of the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

The union of this couple has occurred under brilliant and auspicious circumstances, and there is no one but wishes both a long life replete with all the happiness that the world can give.

Philadelphia.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Last Sunday afternoon, Misses Glenn, of Carlisle, Pa., and Korper, and Messrs. Edward D. Wilson and Patrick Glenn, paid a flying visit to charming Miss Retta T. Levering, in Manayunk. They had a pleasant time.

Last Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Syle conducted the prayer meeting services in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKinney, at which some deaf-mutes were present, in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

Mr. John S. Lentz, father of Mr. John C. and Miss Annie Lentz, both deaf-mutes, breathed his last on the 3d inst., and was buried last Friday.

As Mr. Weed, teacher at the Institution here, was unable to deliver a lecture before the C. L. A. last Thursday evening, Messrs. Lipsett, Davidson, Harrison, Syle and Reider amused the audience with several recitals.

Mr. Melville A. Ballard, a teacher in the Kendall School, at Washington, D. C., has accepted an invitation to lecture before the C. L. A. next Thursday evening, the 16th inst. His subject will be "Statesmen and Soldiers." He has a wide reputation as a graphic lecturer in the sign language. Every deaf-mute living here, ought to attend his lecture, which will, no doubt, be of much worth to all. Tickets are on sale.

The following programme for the C. L. A. literary entertainment, February 23d, is arranged:

1. Remarks, by President Miles; 2. Declamation, by Mr. Geo. Slifer; 3. Poetical Reading, by Mr. S. G. Davidson; 4. Essay, by Mr. Robert M. Zeigler; 5. Dialogue, by two young ladies; 6. Referred Question: Was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, justifiable? by Mr. James S. Reider; 7. Historical sketch, by Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett. All deaf-mutes, who want to be well entertained, ought to come and enjoy themselves.

While the writer was visiting his friends a few evenings ago, he got so frightened that he almost lost all his senses, when he saw a young plump female jump, all of a sudden, upon a chair, and look down with "fits of fear" at her dogs, while the latter were barking along against the wall, between which some rats were making noise. Why did she not jump upon a house, when she saw a large elephant pass her?

We extend our warm congratulations to the *Silent World*, whose birthday was celebrated this week. With this week's issue, that paper begins its second volume.

Please inform the writer whether Mr. Hoy, a deaf-mute, who is to play with the Washington Baseball Club, graduated from the Institution in Ohio or Illinois.

Mr. Reardon, who is well known at Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., just came from the Capital city, and visited the Institution at Broad and Pine Streets the other day, with a lady garmented in beauty.

Mr. Frick, recently-in-law of Mr. John Q. Hahn, recently bought and is keeping a cigar store on South 10th Street, just above St. Stephen's Church.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Feb. 11, 1888.

Orange, N. J.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The weather has been testing our patience severely, and now its tone is beginning to soften. But we have not much confidence in it, for it is not always even in its tone. Sleighing has been very good for a good while.

I have been at home two weeks and have not had an opportunity to call to see my deaf-mute friends, but only went to Orange on business. I hope that they will excuse me till I return to Orange to work. I am getting things ready for spring and next winter.

Some time ago, I met Mr. Edward Leif, Mrs. Gotherham's brother occasionally and chatted with him. I found him a gentleman. Now he has left New York for Chicago, where his parents are living, to embark in business for himself. From the reports, I hear that he is on a fair way to prosperity. He was reputed to be a first rate laster in the shop, where he used to work.

One severely cold morning, I was going to Orange Valley, where I was trimming a house. I noticed a young lady treading stoutly and bravely, and she was watching and following me, when she approached me close enough for me to recognize her veiled face. I was astonished to see Miss Maggie Finn, and exclaimed: "How brave you are in opposing the cold weather, to go to work." She walks two miles to Orange Valley every day in sunshine or rain. Who can beat her in that exercise?

Good exercise is a better than medicine. It is more powerful in diffusing vigor in our constitution.

Mrs. Peter S. Housel is going to have a party to satisfy her three daughters on the 21st of this month. Miss Mary L. Bennett, expects to be there, and I may be there. I hope that they will have good time.

J. B.

Feb. 13, 1888.

MICHIGAN.

Our Dumb Graduates.

PRINTERS TURNED OUT AT THE FLINT INSTITUTION—WHO SOME OF THEM WERE, AND WHAT THEY ARE NOW DOING—A GOOD RECORD—A HIGH COMPLIMENT FROM BISHOP GILLESPIE—VISITING FRIENDS—ACCIDENT, ETC., ETC.

We clip the following from the *Detroit Evening News*:

Our people in public places are fond of erecting statues in some conspicuous position, a commanding rise of ground, such as old feudal castles, fortifications and that Corinthian columned nondescript building known as the "Knob," the frontispiece of Webster's old spelling-book were erected upon.

Why a place midway down the hill would not subvert the purpose of drainage, as well as command an ample view, and why such a location would not be a better shelter from the blasts of midwinter and structure preserving sales, than the apex of a bleak hill are queries for the fathers of the state.

The Michigan Institution for educating the deaf and dumb, of square brick buildings, in rank exterior, overlooks the valley of the Flint river, the city of Flint, and the surrounding hills.

A printing office is in a detached building, and here *The News* entered and met the editor of the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, Wm. G. Bryant and the silent compositors.

Here is where poor George Melnotte, Grummond was taught—in life a bright, eager young newspaper man, anxious to excel, fighting gallantly against the sad defects of nature, but the day came when he ceased to be a virtue and despair, it is said, filled another suicide's grave. George was the son of G. M. Grummond, of Detroit, a brother of ex-mayor and his deafness was due to an attack of spotted fever when at the age of 18. He left the school a good compositor in 1878.

Printing office John A. Nash, who was stricken deaf at the age of 10 by an attack of spinal meningitis. He graduated in 1870 and was now a compositor on the *Democrat*, in Grand Rapids.

The same disease was the cause of George Morton's affliction. He left the office about 1870, and was now a compositor on the *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago. He was born and resided at North Lansing, and more recently at St. Louis, Gratiot county.

Some admitted to the school but citizens of Michigan.

James Sullivan, who now holds cases on the *Inter-Ocean*, or *Times*, of Chicago, he was stricken deaf at the age of 5 years by an attack of whooping cough, and died in 1887, and left to earn his own living in 1873.

The foreman of the *Daily Chronicle*, Muskegon, Mich., is Ell W. Bristol, a mute, one who can talk but cannot hear, who is of note at the school, was from Maple Rapids, Mich. He was stricken deaf at the age of 10 years. He left the school in 1879, and he is now the president of the alumni association, and looked upon as a leader in his way.

Brain fever was the cause of the deafness of Chas. A. Gummer, of Grand Rapids, who entered the school at the age 10 and left in 1880 to take cases in the second city.

Preston S. Perry and George Brooks, graduates from Detroit, are now engaged upon the Wayne County *Courier*, the latter as foreman.

From Hubbardston, Ionia Co., where he was born, came Collins Colby, a son of Wm. Colby, whose relatives are residing in Flint at present. He is now a compositor on the *Breder's Journal*, Illinois.

Among those engaged in acquiring the art presented, Gehrand is well advanced in the art, and Anton Schwinschield, from Holland, sons of Dutch immigrants, citizens of Monroe, where the low countries are well represented. Gehrand is well advanced in the art, and Anton Schwinschield, from Holland, a very intelligent youth, having a good command of his native Dutch, German and is an acceptable English reader.

Five printers will be graduated this year, a higher number than ordinary, two or three a year being about the average, the school having run about 30 years, the printing office not at that time. The trade is learned as a rule imperfectly, but the apprentices, "students," rather, serve from five to six years. There are 33 youths and maidens now in the office, learning the standard type on end, run the Scott press, and all the state furnishing board and lodgings as well as tuition. In cases where the student is unable to furnish transportation and clothing, they become a county charge to this extent.

Bishop Gillespie says that he has never known a deaf-mute who was a pupil of the Flint school, a high compliment, providing the ready sympathy of people for the afflicted does not makes room for them in the press of competition more promptly than for the hale.

There are a score or so of boys, and like others of the school going ago they are kept in the office, learning the standard type on end, run the Scott press, and all the state furnishing board and lodgings as well as tuition. In cases where the student is unable to furnish transportation and clothing, they become a county charge to this extent.

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There are a score or so of boys, and like others of the school going ago they are kept in the office, learning the standard type on end, run the Scott press, and all the state furnishing board and lodgings as well as tuition. In cases where the student is unable to furnish transportation and

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—
SIR:—For many weeks past the pages of the JOURNAL have been filled with elaborate accounts, articles and orations, sounding the praises of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, H. P. Peet and others, who have done so much for deaf-mutes in the past and whose sons are carrying on their good work among us to this day. The work of the Gallaudets and the Peets are matters of history, and the noble institutions, at Hartford, at New York, and at Washington, to say nothing of the other institutions in all the other States in the Union, are their best monuments. Every number of the *Annals*, from the first to the last, contains full articles or historical records of these two early founders of deaf-mute educational establishments. Numerous works, books, pamphlets, periodicals and other papers might also be named, which help to preserve the memory of these two good men for all time, or as long as the English language may exist. There is no fear whatever of the names of Gallaudet and Peet being forgotten by future generations, but all this does not seem to satisfy deaf-mutes in the Eastern States. They must go on and do more and more to show their love for and gratitude to the great and good Gallaudet and the venerable Peet. All this would pass with admiration and with less comment, if they would but finish their first undertaking before taking up another costly and comparatively less important work. I refer to the *Gallaudet Home* for the Inferior Deaf-Mutes, an undertaking which pleased and interested a great many people, not only deaf-mutes of the most intellectual class, but the Christian public also. This noble *Home*, so much used, and which would do more to honor the venerable Gallaudet and *Him* who directed our pioneer teacher in his philanthropic work. The *Home* was bought and opened to receive the poor and the aged, and the deaf-mutes in the land thought they had accomplished their object of charity, but they left a heavy mortgage of several thousands on it—a *death-grip*. A home with a mortgage on it is hardly a home in reality, but only in name and for the time being. It may give our aged poor shelter, while the foreclosure may snatch it from us when hard times come over all and cause an empty treasury to cry for funds. It is a year ago I learned that the *Home* was heavily in debt, but I have not heard since whether it has been paid off or not, and as the JOURNAL has frequently contained appeals for funds for the *Home*, I suppose the *death-grip* is still at its work eating it up. Deaf-mutes have turned their backs on this deserving child of their caprices and launched forth on more costly schemes to erect marble monuments to Gallaudet and Peet, involving, I believe, ten thousand dollars, and nearly all this large sum is subscribed. How easy it is to raise money to honor those who are already loaded with honors, and whose names are known the wide world over! This is the way of the world—it is vanity and worldly indeed! How different it is with an object of charity and benevolence, one which both Gallaudet and Peet would applaud, and on which the Saviour would send this blessing: "For as you have done it unto me (the aged and infirm) ye have done it unto me," would be the greeting to those who worked so nobly to start the *Home*. This good work has been deserted—or nearly deserted—when only half accomplished by those who started it with their contributions and labors to build up marble monuments. If we, poor erring mortals, could look up and see the sorrowful angelic faces of Gallaudet and Peet, we would see their disapproval too plainly. They would hide their faces with their wings, and their fingers would spell: "Don't."

During the past few days, two or three JOURNALS have reached me, the delay, doubtless, was caused by the snow blockades, and I have been perusing them and find more of the same kind of reading, which has impelled me to pen this article. I lay the papers aside, as it is close on midnight and retire with my head full of the monument and memorial funds and oration matter. Tired out by a hard day's work, I soon dropped into a heavy slumber, and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. "I dreamed a dream," I was wandering in a strange city, and came to a shop, where they sold newspapers, and bought a paper, entitled "The 20th Century." It was dated April 1st, 2000, and contained the usual news and an account of the opening of a new temple in an adjoining street. I went to look at it, and saw an imposing building of Gothic architecture, with colored glass windows, marble steps, at the entrance in manual alphabet gilt letters were the words: "Saint Gallaudet." A venerable looking gentleman, whose white curls came down to his shoulders, beckoned to me with a kindly smile, and pointed to the door. I accepted his invitation, and entered. I have carefully tried to recall every incident and object seen in my extraordinary dream or vision, whichever you may call it, and will faithfully describe what I beheld. The interior of this magnificent temple was grandly decorated, spacious and lofty. Rows of seats luxuriously upholstered occupied each side of the large room, and an aisle ran in the centre till it reached two-thirds of the length of the temple where the seats formed into semi-circles, and in the centre of the space unoccupied by seats, were two gigantic statues or images, with rows of low narrow steps all round the statues,

carpeted and decorated with cushions. The statues were of white marble or alabaster, resting on a glided pedestal. On one of these pedestals in beautiful carved characters of the manual alphabet were "St. Gallaudet," and on the other "St. Peet." At the rear of these beautiful works of art, each of which must have cost over \$25,000, was a platform of semi-circular build, on which stood a large organ, chairs, electric lights, and contained entrances to rooms at the right and left. I was shown to a seat by a beadle in fine livery, who held in his hand, a black rod, at the top of which was a gold hand forming the letter "G." The same letter was on all his gilt buttons, and he wore a badge of silver with the legend "St. G." blown in the centre. No one spoke to me up to this time, for few people had arrived, but they soon began to pour into the building. Elegantly attired ladies leaning on the arms of gentlemen in swallow tail coats, wide open shirt bosoms and white neckties. Heavy gold watch chains dangled in their vests, while most of the ladies had brilliant, in their hair and diamond earrings. They sailed in along the aisle and round the statues, bowing as they approached the one and then the other. They then moved round to their seats and made room for others. I observed that some devotees knelt and bowed their heads and hands at the foot of each statue and remained in that prostrated position for some moments. The house was by this time nearly full, and every seat occupied. The electric lights lighted up the building brilliantly, and the loud notes of the organ vibrated its sounds through the room which sent a pleasant thrill through my frame. Presently all became silent, and the orators on the platform stood up, adjusted their collars and pulled back their coat sleeves, preparatory to delivering the usual oration on Gallaudet and Peet, which constituted the sole ceremony for which the building had been erected. At the close of the oration, the audience spent a few minutes gossiping, hand-shaking, introducing one another, inviting to parties, suppers or dinners. They moved round the statues once more and then dispersed. The electric lights were put out, and the beadle conducted me to the door without asking me my name or whence I came.

I went to my hotel, feeling deeply impressed by the brilliant assembly and imposing ceremony. I took out my paper, "The Twentieth Century," and began to read the general news. There I found an interesting account of the Gallaudet *Home*. It gives a full history of this benevolent institution, and told how about one hundred and twenty years ago, the home had been started by a son of St. Gallaudet and a few other benevolent people, and the object of its establishment, which the managers were unable to raise, the *Home* had been lost by a foreclosure and sold to parties who had turned it into a summer hotel, not for poor, infirm deaf-mutes, but for the pleasure of the rich who contributed to erect the Temple and its costly monument. My indignation was so great that I threw the paper into the fire, and the exertion awoke me, and I found it was only a dream.

PHILOPOPHUS.
LOS ANGELES, Jan. 27, '88.

Southern Connecticut.

All the factories in Bridgeport are running steadily. There is hardly a mute here out of work.

Mrs. Fred Woolever presented her husband with an eleven pound girl-baby. Mother and baby are doing well. They have our congratulations.

Mr. John Tallmadge is with us again. He works in a cabinet factory, having left Stamford one year ago. Last week he got a bad felon on his thumb, and he had to get it lanced. He is not able to work yet on account of it.

Mr. John Ford has a valuable property of his own, and on which he also owns a nice house. He contemplates building another house on the same property.

Mr. Edward Ould, of Thomaston, graced us with a visit. He is well and happy.

Miss Georgie A. Loomis' mother likes the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. She always hastens after it, every time it comes, before Georgie can get it, and she read it with eagerness, especially the New York column. The JOURNAL must be a well-edited paper.

A full attendance of mutes was present at the bible class meeting, which was held at the house of Mr. Abe Marshall last Sunday.

Each successive year previous to this season had witnessed a social and dancing party, which was given by one another in turn in this community, but this season is nearly passing without having had a wink at it. But it is hoped one will be given before long.

Miss Maggie Derham, of Waterbury will grace Bridgeport with a visit, she will be a guest of Mrs. Seaman for a week.

Mr. William Munger has gone back to Worcester to work at his trade.

"Enterprise" hardly takes any notice of "Nemo's" remark referring to the former being popular himself with second hand items, but has only a little to say. If "Nemo" ever expects to make himself so good a correspondent as to make his items interesting for the readers of the JOURNAL, he had better write only "reliable and sensible" news. Of course, every reader of the JOURNAL in this community, as well as the public, had a "smile" at his funny but rather stupid

remark. "Enterprise's" aim is to please the readers of the JOURNAL with interesting news, and it is safe to say that "Enterprise" is very well appreciated by them all.

ENTERPRISE.

FANWOOD.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Nothing of much account has transpired at Fanwood the past week. Although the walking match at Madison Square Garden is a "chestnut," a ripple of excitement would occasionally break the monotony of Institution life, as Albert, the Philadelphia hero, broke Fitzgerald's marvelous record in the six days go-as-you-please race, and was still forging ahead. This little incident in the race was probably all that they cared to talk about, and naturally some of the lovers of sport went to see these walking maniacs torture themselves on the final day of the race. They were Supervisor King, Messrs. Peter Mitchell and William McVea. They met a good many old graduates there, among whom were Messrs. Durian, Fosmire, Meinken, Scott and others.

Aside from the walking match, the pupils still enjoy a good old-fashioned winter. Snow-balls, sleds and skates go hand in hand, but there is not so much excitement as formerly, and not half as much danger from accidents.

It will no doubt be wondered at by many of our readers why it is that the Peet Literary Society is so silent. The fact is that at the last election over three-fourths of its members resigned. Since then it has been a hard struggle for those who still cling to its support to keep it alive. All interest and encouragement has run into the ground, and it is not likely that it will ever flourish again.

Mr. Stevenson, formerly a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, and at present a compositor for the *Journalist* in this city, stayed over Sunday with the boys. He thinks of going to Philadelphia soon to work on the *Press*.

Mr. Chas. Smith, who, a number of years ago, was clerk for the Institution, called on friends here last week.

David Banta, an old graduate of Fanwood, was met by our reporter last Monday evening. He is employed in a grocery store on the corner of 123d street and Third Avenue.

George Odell, of Portchester, N. Y., came down to see his chum, Solomon H. Winne, on the 13th. George says he is employed in a screw factory.

On Monday last, Mr. C. Q. Mann photographed both divisions of the pupils at recess drill. Mr. Mann is doing some good work with the camera.

At the ball given by the Friendship Pleasure Club of Washington Heights, for the benefit of a new Catholic Church on Tenth Avenue, near 152d Street, at Washington Heights, the Catholics of the Institution helped along the cause grandly by purchasing tickets and attending. And not only the Catholics but the Protestants, as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew and Miss Katie Shute were visiting at the residence of Prof. Jones on Monday.

Night-watch Ogilvie has been on the sick list during the past week.

There is a new supervisor at the Mansion House. Her name is Miss Freeman, and a relative of our hospital night nurse.

George H. Peet is steadily recovering from the late coasting accident, and is able to hobble around some.

Messrs. Isaac Brookmann and Bernard Gallagher have not returned to school since the Christmas holidays. It is said that both have secured employment of some kind in the city, and that they do not intend to return to school. We hope none of our pupils will be so foolish as to follow their example. There is plenty to learn and the longer they stay the better prepared they will be for the future.

The only social happening of the week worth recording is the wedding of Mr. Albert Barnes and Miss Lizzie Noyle, on St. Valentine's day. Among those present from the Heights, were Prof. Currier and wife, and Miss Prudence Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Prof. Gamage. Miss F. P. Jones, sister of Mrs. Hodgson, and Miss Frankie C. Hawkins, kept little Beatrice company during her papa and mama's absence.

Walter Peet will place four of his dogs on exhibition at the Dog Show, which opens at Madison Square Garden on the 21st of this month. His favorite English setter, "Belle," has always carried off prizes at previous shows, and this year he thinks she will be no less fortunate.

Prof. Fox and Miss Barrager are aiding the Librarian, Prof. Currier, in preparing a new list of books contained in the Library. The number of books is so large that there is not sufficient space in the present library for all of them, and there is some talk of making use of the teachers' and officers' sitting room for the accommodation of the increasing number of books, which come annually either by purchase or by donation.

Mr. and Mrs. Banks' twins have been named. One is John Ryer Banks, and the other Samuel Ryer Banks.

Mrs. Budd, of Hancock, N. Y., visited Miss Myra Barrager last Wednesday.

Supervisor King chaperoned some of the boys up to High Bridge, last week, for a walk.

AQUILA.

David W. Woods, of Mt. Zion, went to Morgan County, Ind., to visit his old home and folks last August, he having not seen them for over eighteen years. On the way, he did not come across any of the mutes out there or in Indianapolis.

In reply to "Boone's" misunderstanding: John G. French, the father of Amos French, of Bluffton, deeded real estate containing 220 acres amounting to \$8,500, to his four married sons, Amos, Eli, Henry, and William, on the first day of November.

Amos and his brother Eli have each bought out half the share of William, and now Amos owns a good home and farm containing eighty acres.

His father owns one hundred and sixty acres—farm, on which he lives.

John A. Skinner advertised a mute lecture through the county papers and bill posters for Friday night, November 4th, in the hired hall at Bluffton, where Mr. Amos French and wife, and Miss Gertie Clark are well-known. But none of the people came in, and Skinner and his wife were the only actors in the dodging mute lecture.

The show was broken up, and early the next morning they hurried home a sadder but wiser man and woman. The woman told one of her lady acquaintances in Bluffton that she shall never go any more; and to say further, she would rather work at home, and sew for her living—a good resolution. We always opposed to his show scheme—a dodging mute lecture—to make money to buy whiskey.

We regret being compelled to state that Mr. David S. Violey, and his wife, Caty Shepherd Violey, *nee* Eis, who were married two years ago by the squire, have parted since November 14th. The domestic affairs have been unpleasant for over a year between step-daughters and brother-in-law, David S. Eis. The brother-in-law and step-daughters insisted on the woman sending him away; a quarrel ensued, and bidding his wife and baby adieu, he went away. He came up to Mr. French to aid him in getting a reconciliation. They went down there to try it, but without avail. He was told to pack his clothes, and now he and his wife have parted forever. It was said that Mr. Violey was deceived by the brother-in-law, mother-in-law and the woman, to marry the woman for his muscular labor and money, that he might be made more of a slave than a husband. Mr. Amos French, of Bluffton, was engaged to represent Mr. Violey as counsel and interpreter in case. The woman may desire to sue him for divorce.

Messrs. Sam. Grove and Violey dined with French and family on Thanksgiving Day. They applied to Mr. French for work, but he declined to employ one of them.

Mr. Violey has gone to South Indiana to seek work before the holidays.

Mr. Ed. S. Leach and wife, of Fairmont, spent Christmas week with the latter's mother and brothers, in Kokomo and vicinity.

Richard Street and wife, and Mr. Lank, of Crawfordsville, visited the mute folks at Fairmont during the holidays.

Misses Gertie Clark, a charming and young lady of the Bluffton *Boyle*, and a graduate of the Michigan School, was the guest of Mr. Amos French and family over New Year's.

2-10-1888. FRANCAISE.

From Lost Springs, Kansas.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The ability to write a good epistle, well composed, explicitly and plainly declared in words and with perfect spelling is an accomplishment, which every deaf-mute pupil should possess, and for the failure of it, there is little excuse in these days of numerous mute schools. But some pupils, of course, do not know by experience, its consequence till the days of school are over. Many a deaf-mute is trying hard to obtain a good position, but *in vain*, on account of a poorly written, misspelt letter. I know a deaf-mute, who proposed to marry a certain deaf-mute lady, and was rejected by the same cause. The same deaf-mute, last winter, wrote to my brother as follows: "I am farming by occupy." The people who knew him well, would keep themselves from ridiculing him. But they would only laugh in their sleeves at him. What a loggerhead he is! What a pity it is that he has such a very poor education! An intimate friend of mine—an intelligent gentleman, several years ago, told me that an in accurately written, misspelt letter, addressed to him was not worth reading. See here, while in school, the pupils would need the teachers as the "best" friends. Well, if the teachers want them to give mental application to books, etc., they should respect their wishes and also obey their command. The pupils should peruse books together—books which will broaden their minds. Thus far, they will become intelligent and useful people, when they are budded into manhood and womanhood. The people will be surprised to see how elegantly the intelligent deaf-mutes, may be rewarded with offices and good positions.

There is no excuse for mute children to grow up in ignorance in this country, where good schools are so plentiful. If their parents neglect or refuse to send them to school, they commit a crime on the advancement of civilization, and should be punished.

Every intelligent deaf-mute throughout the United States of America, should support the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, for its own good, and help its cause along.

HERBERT L. GRIGSBY.

REV. J. CHAMBERLAIN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Tuesday, Feb. 14th, 7:30 P.M., Trinity Church, Haverhill, Mass.

Wednesday, Feb. 15th, 7:30 P.M., St. Paul's Church, Newburyport, Mass.

Thursday, Feb. 16th, Guild Room, Beverly, Mass.

Friday, Feb. 17th, St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass.

Sunday, Feb. 19th, Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE REV.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet,

the first great Educator of the Deaf in America.

Prepared on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration, December, 1887.

A biographical sketch on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Commemoration, December, 1887, by

REV. HENRY W. SYLE, M. A.

With numerous illustrations engraved by WM. R. CULLINGWORTH.—32 pages—36 engravings.

This is not a reprint of the "Retrospect" but an ENTIRELY NEW WORK, written expressly for the occasion.

The illustrations are an attractive and valuable feature. Several of them are from photographs taken expressly for this work and representing subjects never before published. These are marked with * in the following:

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

As Frontispiece there is a very large and fine portrait of Dr. Gallaudet, with autograph. Others are Mrs. Sophia E. Gallaudet, "Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D.," "President Edward Gallaudet, Ph.D.," "Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, M.D.," two portraits, "Alice Cogswell, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney," "The Abbe de l'Epee," "The Abbe Sicard," "Jean Massieu," "Laurent Clerc," (the four last from old French portraits), "Lewis Field," "Harvey P. Peet, LL.D.," "David E. Bartlett," "Rev. William W. Turner, Ph.D.," "Samuel Porter."

VIEWS.

*The House in Prospect Street, Hartford, occupied as the first school for the deaf, 1817, America's Asylum, Hartford, in 1821 and 1837. *Paris Institution, from an original painting lent by Rev. Dr. Clerc, St. Ann's Church, New York. Gallaudet, Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, "Columbia Institution, 1867,—the Kendall Cottages," "Chapel of National Deaf-Mute College, interior view," "Silver Pitcher and Silver presented to Dr. Gallaudet by the Deaf, Monuments to Gallaudet and Clerc, Bas-relief on Gallaudet's monument.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

STATION M,

New York City

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, President; Class E. Green, First Vice-President; S. B. Smith, Second Vice-President; Alex. Dezenzori, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Muhlman, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and social life among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. Dezenzori, No. 455 Hudson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This Association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Moses I. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank L. Shattuck. Divine services, first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual improvement of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are: President, A. W. Orcutt; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M. at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p.m., in St. Paul's Parish house, entrance on Jay Street. Its officers are: President, W. G. Sparks; 1st Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Wm. H. Winslow; Secretary, C. H. Sparrow; Treasurer, M. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, C. F. Mull. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, whose address is 253 Main Street, Albany, N. Y. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while its business on the first Thursday of each month.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the School Building of St. Michael's Church, on West 32d Street, 9th Avenue, New York. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to W. G. Williamsburg, N. Y.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1878, and has for its object the moral and social improvement of its members. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West 5th Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors can be invited by members. The President is Ardine Rembeck, and Mr. Chas. H. Thomas, Secretary, No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Fifth Street, above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st and 3rd of October, and 1st and 3rd of November. Lectures of the month of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social welfare of the deaf-mutes. Mr. Miles is President, Wm. G. Harrison, Secretary, 3409 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPÉE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and correspondence, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1223 Fulton St., or Rev. E. V. Lebrun, 710 Pine St.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and carries on every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bonington; Willie A. Deery, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almo Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at 919 Olive Street, Room 12, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purpose of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Stafford; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacobi; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Perinutter; Trustees, Geo. T. Dougherty and J. H. Merrill. Secretary's address is No. 901 Biddle Street.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingston St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to James P. Mahor, 7, 2029 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to independent local societies with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE DE HAERNE ASSOCIATION, OF BALTIMORE.

This Association, being a branch of the De l'Epee Association, has for its object the spiritual and temporal advancement of its members. Like the De l'Epee Association, it offers the advantages of a real beneficial Association. Only Catholics can be admitted into it. For further particulars, apply to the President. The officers are: Supreme Spiritual Director, Rev. E. V. Lebrun, R. H. S. of Philadelphia; President, Prof. E. M. Morlan, 1015 E. Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officers by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Biscow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. G. Sawyer, of Lowell, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles E. Peet, President; F. S. Bowler, Secretary; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairman, for Connecticut; and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rectory, Street Church, at Rectory Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, Charles L. Ja-tram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Ja-tram. All communications should be addressed to Charles L. Ja-tram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evening. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; F. S. Bowler, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, L. P. Harris, Geo. Pease Trustees.

THE SICARD CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. The members meet in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 4 o'clock P.M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the De l'Epee C. D. M. A., has the same rules, and gives the same advantages. All welcome. Committee: William Bailey, President; F. S. Bowler, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, L. P. Harris, Geo. Pease Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen occur two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: William F. Collins, President; Charles A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Bacon's Shop, cor. River and House Streets, Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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